

# MINE

BY LAURA MARKS



DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of MINE is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for MINE are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to The Gersh Agency, 41 Madison Avenue, 33rd Floor, New York, NY 10010. Attn: Jessica Amato.

**SPECIAL NOTE**

Anyone receiving permission to produce MINE is required to give credit to the Author(s) as sole and exclusive Author(s) of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

**SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS**

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in these Plays, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Jessica Amato and everyone at Gersh.

Michael Patrick Thornton and everyone at the Gift Theatre.

The superb cast, crew, and creative team of the Chicago production, especially director Marti Lyons.

Everyone at Juilliard and the Public Theater, my two homes when I was writing this play.

Director Lucie Tiberghien and the Juilliard students who appeared in a workshop of this play: Julia Ogilvie, Alex Hanna, Gabriella Grier, Carolyn Michelle Smith, and Carmela Corbett.

Joan Bryson, CNM, for her expert advice.

Clarissa and Eleanor and Ken, for all that they've taught me and given me.

MINE was presented at the Gift Theatre (Michael Patrick Thornton, Artistic Director) in Chicago, Illinois, opening on June 21, 2013. It was directed by Marti Lyons; the set design was by Stephen H. Carmody; the costume design was by Emma Weber; the lighting design was by Mac Vaughey; the sound design was by Christopher Kriz; the properties design was by Rita Thornton; and the stage manager was Helen Lattyak. The cast was as follows:

MARI ..... Hillary Clemens  
JOAN ..... Alexandra Main  
RINA ..... Deborah Ann Smith  
PETER ..... Gabriel Franken  
AMY ..... Cyd Blakewell

## **CHARACTERS**

MARI — a first-time mother

JOAN — a midwife

RINA — Mari's mother

PETER — Mari's husband

AMY — something else entirely

# MINE

## Scene 1

*Night. A bedroom in a small apartment. Mari crouches inside a blue inflatable birthing tub with high sides. She's in the final stages of labor. Her husband, Peter, is kneeling beside the tub, and she leans on him, clutching his hands, grunting and moaning. Two other women sit nearby on an ottoman and a Pilates ball: a midwife, Joan, in street clothes except for a stethoscope and latex gloves; and Rina, Mari's mother. They lean forward encouragingly, but they don't intervene.*

MARI. I can do this —

JOAN. That's right.

RINA. Of course you can, honey.

MARI. — Oh my God! —

JOAN. It's okay.

PETER. You're doing great.

MARI. I think — oh, something's tearing, oh God —

JOAN. It's all right. Just "breathe the baby out."

MARI. *(Starts pushing.)* Aaaugh! ... I. Want. My. Baby! *(Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

*The bedroom, two hours later. Mari and Peter are alone. Mari lies on the bed, dazed and spent. Peter holds a swaddled baby and slow-dances around the room, singing a whispered lullaby. Mari watches them. She reaches out and gropes around on the nightstand, finally grabbing a wide-mouthed sports bottle with a straw propped inside. She tries to lift her head far enough to drink, but can't.*

MARI. Mom?

PETER. *(Whispering.)* Shhh ... She went home.

MARI. Oh.

PETER. I just wanted some time alone. With my family. *(Pause.)* We're a family ... *(Mari lifts her head a few more inches and tries to drink. Liquid dumps all over her.)*

MARI. Oh fuck. *(Pause.)* Honey? *(No response.)* I'm in a puddle here.

PETER. *(Lovingly, eyes on the baby.)* I know. Me too.

MARI. No, really. *(She brushes weakly at the spill, dislodging a molecule or two.)*

PETER. I think she's sleeping. *(He walks over to Mari with exaggerated slowness and starts to put the baby in her arms.)* Jesus! You're all wet.

MARI. I tried to drink lying down. *(He backs up.)* It's okay, I can still hold her.

PETER. Not if you're all wet.

MARI. It's mostly on the bed.

PETER. I'd better change the sheets.

MARI. *(Burrowing in the pillow.)* No, please, don't make me get up again. I'll sleep in the wet spot, I don't mind. It's soothing.

PETER. How are the stitches? *(She flashes a weak thumbs-up.)* Here. Look: *(He drags over a bassinet.)* I'll put her right here. Can you see her?

MARI. Kind of. *(He climbs into bed behind Mari.)* I feel like I've hardly seen her at all.

PETER. She's only been alive for two hours.

MARI. I know, but it all happened so fast.

PETER. Eighteen hours of labor?

MARI. That too. I kind of miss having her inside me. I couldn't really look at her then, or hold her, but at least I always knew where she was.

PETER. She's right here. You've got at least a year before she learns how to run away.

MARI. *(Softly.)* Don't run away. *(Pause.)* Can I have that?

PETER. What?

MARI. That blanket. *(There's a stained flannel receiving blanket on the floor. He picks it up.)*

PETER. It's dirty.

MARI. I know. *(She presses it to her face and inhales.)* There was this *smell* when she was born ... *(She inhales again.)* And I wonder if it's *her* smell...? Is she always going to smell like that? Or at least until puberty?

PETER. You're getting way ahead of yourself. *(Mari hauls herself upright and leans over, plunging her face into the bassinet.)*

MARI. It's her. It's amazing.

PETER. You were amazing. *(He kisses her. A long kiss.)* So ... uh ... did Joan say what the deal was on your stitches?

MARI. Six weeks.

PETER. For...?

MARI. For penetration, or whatever.

PETER. Of course. Yeah. That makes sense. I mean, I don't want you to think that's what I'm ... *(He pats her chastely and gets up.)*

Wow. Six weeks. *(Pause.)*

MARI. Can I have her back now? *(He carefully hands her the baby.)*

PETER. Listen ... I hate to bring this up now, but — If it's okay with you, I think I should still try to go to that meeting tomorrow. I mean, Jeff said he'd understand if I didn't, obviously; but these guys — these guys are huge, and they're only in town for one day. They're flying in all the way from California. *(Mari just stares fixedly at the baby.)* Mari? Is that okay?

MARI. Sure.

PETER. Great. I'm gonna put the light out now, okay? You need to get some sleep. *(Pause.)* Do you want to keep her in the bed tonight, or what?

MARI. Okay. *(They lean back tentatively, with the baby between them. Lights out. A pause.)* I don't think this is a good idea. *(Lights back on.)*

PETER. What?

MARI. I'm afraid you'll roll over on her.

PETER. Why don't you put her on the other side?

MARI. Then she could fall out of bed. Or her head could get stuck under the pillow.

PETER. You could sleep without a pillow.

MARI. Or I could roll over on her. It happened all the time in the Middle Ages.

PETER. Mari, please, just pick something. That meeting is in like, five hours —

MARI. I want to hold her, but I'm afraid to; but we're supposed to be skin-to-skin, for bonding; what should I do? I don't know what to do.

PETER. Here: *(He takes the baby and gently puts her in the bassinet.)*

MARI. You're right.

PETER. Just for tonight. We can have another Sleep Summit tomorrow. *(Mari still has her glasses on. Tenderly, he takes them off and puts them on the nightstand.)* Don't worry, honey. You'll have plenty of time to hold her tomorrow. You'll have the whole rest of your life. *(He puts out the light. Blackout.)*

### Scene 3

*The bedroom, the next morning. Morning light seeps in. Peter wakes up in a panic and starts grabbing his clothes.*

PETER. Oh shit. Shit, shit, shit. Oh no.

MARI. What?

PETER. I didn't set the alarm. Goddammit!

MARI. What can I do?

PETER. I don't know; aaaaah! Do I have a tie somewhere? *(Mari tries to swing her leg out of bed.)*

MARI. Ow! —

PETER. What is it?

MARI. My stitches ... can you help me? I need to get to the bathroom — *(Peter helps her hobble into the next room, then runs back at top speed to continue dressing. Off.)* Ow ...

PETER. Mari?

MARI. *(Off.)* I'm fine. *(Flushing sounds.)*

PETER. I hate to leave you guys.

MARI. *(Off.)* It's only for ... what, a couple of hours? ... Do you see my glasses? They're not in the bathroom. I think I'm losing my mind.

PETER. Right here — *(He grabs her glasses off the dresser, runs to the bathroom with them, and then runs back to finish dressing.)*

MARI. *(Off.)* Thank God. Okay. I'm good now. Good to go. *(Pause.)*

PETER. You know what? I should call your mom.

MARI. *(Off.)* What for?

PETER. I just don't like leaving you alone.

MARI. *(Off.)* Peter, it's okay, seriously. I'm just gonna sit here. Maybe try a little nursing.

PETER. She probably needs a new diaper.

MARI. *(Off.)* Right.

PETER. God — I don't want to miss her first diaper ... It's weird how fast their faces change. Remember last night how smushed she was? Now she looks more like a baby. I mean — not that she wasn't before, but — you know ... *(He gazes down into the bassinet while hurriedly tying his tie. Mari shuffles back in with her glasses on.)* So I shouldn't call your mom.

MARI. I'm fine. I can do this. People have been doing this ever since there have been people.

PETER. *(Checking his phone.)* Shit — Are you sure you're gonna be okay?

MARI. For Christ's sake, will you stop infantilizing me?

PETER. I'll leave my phone on.

MARI. Just go.

PETER. I didn't shower or shave, but that's okay, right? 'Cause tech companies are edgy ...

MARI. Go! *(He kisses her, drops a fingertip-kiss on the baby, and dashes out. Silence settles over the room. Mari is still for a moment, registering the strangeness of her first time alone with the baby. She shuffles over to the bassinet and looks down. Something's not right. She looks closer and makes a horrible discovery.)* Peter! — *(In a panic, she starts to run toward the door, wincing in pain — then back to the dresser, then the bed, searching frantically for her phone. She finds it and dials. To phone.)* You need to come back right now. *(A few moments pass in silence. Peter charges back into the room.)*

PETER. What? What's wrong? *(She points at the bassinet.)*

FOR LICENSING INFORMATION AND  
TO PURCHASE ACTING EDITIONS, PLEASE VISIT

[WWW.DRAMATISTS.COM](http://WWW.DRAMATISTS.COM)

